

The Cat and the King

by TheBlacksmith521

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Summary: Marvel Comic's Felicia Hardy aka "The Black Cat" is left almost broke. With Spiderman out of town, it's her time to strike. She's stealing from Wilson Fisk. But the Kingpin is a dangerous man. Will she come out on top? Or will the Kingpin get his way? Find out in this twisted, MATURE, fan story. (Sexual Content)

1. Chapter 1: The Right Time

-_New York City, Midnight-_

The only sounds to be heard were the sounds of cars, driving down below on the streets. It was one of those nights. Nights perfect for a cat burglar. A night perfect for Felicia Hardy.

She was perched 2 buildings away from a tower she closely watched. She pulled out binoculars from her satchel, which was wrapped around her torso. Although she couldn't see much in the dark night. The only light source being the bright-white moon reflecting off her pale-white hair.

As she stared at the seemingly ominous building, she couldn't help but feel paranoid. She had been told countless times before that Wilson Fisk was a man not to be trifled with. Yet here she was. "Felicia, you're going to be fine." She told herself, "If everything goes according to plan, you'll be set for years. You won't have to resort to thieving anymore."

The tower, of course, belonged to Fisk. With Spiderman occupied with a recent prison breakout, and no-one else there to potentially stop her, she was ready. This was it. Yet she couldn't shake the feeling that she was being watched.

She looked to the clock tower 4 buildings left of her: 12:30 A.M. It was time. As she leaped to the next building, her hair shining in the

moonlight, she felt, deep down, that something was wrong. But that didn't matter. She had a mission to accomplish.

2. Chapter 2: Half-Way There

Stealing from others didn't bother her at all. In fact, it was her profession. She loved the dangerous feelings, the thrilling moments, and, of course, the pay. However tonight, she felt no such feelings. There was no thrill, only fear. Which was a weird feeling for Felicia. What did she have to fear of the Kingpin? As Spiderman always joked, he's just a rich fat guy with anger issues. But was he right? Felicia hoped she wouldn't have to find out.

Crawling up the building, she counted the number of floors she passed.

"23...24...25...26! Here we go!" She thought to herself. 26 was the floor in which the Kingpin kept his vault. She had planned this robbery for weeks. Yet still she was paranoid. Why? She didn't even know herself.

As she examined the room through the window she quickly found that nobody was there. Perfect. She then went through the air vent from outside. For most thieves, this shaft would've been difficult to fit through. Not her. Her nimble body easily fit through the air vent, just as she planned.

Once inside, she knew where to go. Past the large desk, behind the painting. Classic hiding spot. She then found the steel-black safe behind. To the left of it was a key pad. She then scanned the most recent finger prints, and found the code: 521. As she opened the safe she found exactly what she hoped for: Gold, jewels, emeralds, all of it!

As she emptied the last remaining gems into her satchel, she then heard the elevator rise up. Someone was coming. She had to get out of their fast. She quickly jumped back into the vent and continued to crawl out. She was almost there, she could see the moonlight at the end of the vent! Ready to leave she quickly (yet quietly) scurried out. Until she heard a beep.

Suddenly, the vent closed-while she was halfway out! Her upper torso outside, and her lower torso still trapped in the vent!

"Shit! Someone closed the vent!" She quietly whispered to herself.

As she was stuck there, her lower body (from the waist-down) still in the vent, she felt a different emotion. One that had only occurred in her earlier days of burglary. She felt fear. Fear that she would be caught. If whoever was on floor 26 looked out the window to the right a bit, she would be caught. If they looked through the vent, they would find her rear end there. Either way, she would be caught. She didn't know what to do.

3. Chapter 3: Calm Before the Storm

With her bottom and legs trapped in the vent, and her upper torso

free, she had an idea. She remembered she had a tool, a tool she hadn't used for a long time. She pulled a small device out of her wrist, a laser cutter. She then burnt through the metal trapping her lower half, freeing herself.

She then climbed down the building quickly. She was successful. Though, something didn't seem right. It was all easy. Too easy. Maybe she underestimated her abilities, and overestimated Kingpin's defenses. She had escaped. Unless, somebody saw her. There was no way of knowing. She did hear someone ride the elevator up to her floor, but surely she got out in-time before that person saw her. Although, they did close the vent. But was it manually closed? Or was it an automated system set to close at that time? Felicia tried to shake away these thoughts.

She escaped. No way the Kingpin could stop her now. With all of this money, she could go anywhere she wanted. But not without Spiderman. But how would he react once he finds out? Would he turn against her because it's "the wrong thing to do"? Or would he let it slide because she stole it from Kingpin, a criminal? No, he'd want her to do something "responsible" with it. Whatever that meant.

Felicia returned home to her apartment, just as she left it. She then hid her satchel with the money under her cabinet in her bathroom. Then, in under 5 minutes, went to bed and fell fast asleep.

**-Felicia's Apartment, The Next Morning.-**

Felicia awoke at once, immediately running into the bathroom and checking under her cabinet. The money was still there. Her mind began to race as she thought about the possibilities of what she could do with all this wealth. She then settled herself down, and reminded herself about Spiderman. She couldn't leave without him! She loved him, although he cared too much about morals, he was still the only person who truly knew what her life was like. He connected with her on a whole different level.

It was settled: She would find Spiderman as soon as he came back, and she would convince him to leave with her, to someplace else. She wouldn't tell him how he got her money, and would create a cover story. Then they would move to wherever they wanted to be! No limitations. Just him, and her. First, she needed a bath.

First she laid a bathrobe onto her bed, then went into the bathroom. She stripped her black-leather costume off her body, and once completely naked, stepped into the warm, white, bubbly water. It felt so soothing to her. She finally didn't care about the water bill, she could pay it off easily! As she sank her body deeper down into the water, she began to daydream. About her perfect future. Nothing could take this away from her. Or, rather, she thought.

10 minutes later she emerged out of the water, from her white-clean hair to her bare-foot toes, she was squeaky clean. She entered her dark bedroom, and proceeded to dry herself off with a towel. Once fully dried, she grabbed her white-bathrobe from her dresser and put it on. Until, she remembered something: she didn't put the bathrobe on her dresser. She left it on her bed.

She quickly spun around, in her fighting stance and then took notice

to something she didn't see before: A dark, big shadow. Sitting in the corner of her apartment room. Watching her.

4. Chapter 4: The Storm

"I apologize for entering at an...inconvenient time, Ms. Hardy, but I do believe you have something that belongs to me."

With just those words, Felicia was frozen still. The shadow was the man himself, The Kingpin.

"Get the hell out of my apartment!" She replied.

"Gladly, however, first I need you to hand over what is mine."

"I don't know what you're talking about!" She lied. She knew exactly what he was talking about. And there was no way getting out of this.

"Don't make me search this room, Ms. Hardy, because I will gladly do it, right after your death!"

"Over my dead body, Fisk!"

"Indeed." He suddenly jumped up from his seat running straight at Felicia! Still frozen in fear, she didn't evade quick enough! The Kingpin grabbed her by the neck with both hands, pushed her into a wall, and started choking her! Losing air, she couldn't fight back. It's as if he were an unstoppable force!

"TELL ME WHERE IT IS!"

"Achk-guph-krak" She gagged as she couldn't speak under Fisk's huge hands around her neck. Losing consciousness, she had to think of a plan-and fast. She could feel the little amounts of air remaining in her lungs. She tried punching, hitting, scratching, but nothing seemed to work. Without her costume she was powerless against him.

Until she noticed her bag, lying to the right of her on the floor. She quickly searched through it with her bare-foot, while still being choked. Until she found something! Her knife. She grabbed it with her foot, and with only a few seconds of breathing time left, stabbed him in the knee with the knife wrapped around her toes.

"AH! You bitch, you will pay for that!" He exclaimed in rage, losing his gentlemen tone completely.

She quickly grabbed her bag, ran into the bathroom, locked the door (for whatever good that would do), grabbed the satchel containing Fisk's money, and tried to open the window. Until he punched through the door, unlocked the handle, and barged in, charging at her.

In no time Felicia jumped up, grabbing the ceiling fan, and swung over Fisk, and back into the bedroom. The bathroom was a no-go. At this point, her bathrobe had been worn out due to the amount of movements she had just made, and became untied, revealing her breasts and vagina in their entirety. But she didn't care. All she wanted was to get out alive. Even if it meant being humiliated in the process.

Her embarrassment would be worth having her life.

She then quickly ran through the hallway and into the elevator, passing by a few men in their early 20's. Quickly, she pressed the button to go down to the lobby, but right as she did, Wilson Fisk ran out of her apartment room, and immediately sprinted full-speed at her in the elevator. Running at her with such rage, he was only mere feet away, until-the doors shut. Right before he could stop them. She was safe. For however long that would be.

5. Chapter 5: Freedom?

While she still had time and was fairly safe in the elevator, she quickly pulled off her bathrobe, and put on her black, leather costume again. Now she was clothed.

As soon as the door opened, she quickly ran out of the building, leaving many people confused as to why the Black Cat had just ran out of the building. She didn't care, though. At least she was clothed and no one else saw her naked. She quickly climbed up a building and ran for, what felt like an hour.

She finally stopped on top of the roof of a red house. Exhausted, she laid there for 30 minutes. She ran for miles across rooftops, just trying to get away from Fisk. With her apartment compromised, she didn't know what to do, or where to go. But she still had all the money she needed. She could start a whole, new life. Still exhausted, she fell asleep on the rooftop. She was so far asleep that she didn't even wake up when she, and the money, rolled off the rooftop and into a bush.

"Ms. Hardy, wake up."

Felicia awoke at once, only to notice her surroundings had drastically changed. She looked down, she was in chains tied up to a chair. She looked up, the room was all dark except for a single bright light, shined only at her.

"F-Fisk!"

"Thank you for returning what you stole, I appreciate it."

"NO! Fuck you!"

"My, my, you have a mouth on you. You see, you got the best of me back there. Nobody escapes me. Yet you did. My initial plan was to kill you, but then I realized that you, and that "Spiderman" are both in a partnership of sorts."

"You son of a bitch!" She yelled, trying to leap at him, but it was no use-the chains were too tight.

"You see, Ms. Hardy, you are my bait. And knowing how arrogant your partner is, he'll bite for it."

"He'll make you pay for this!" She was angry. How could he have caught her? She was across the city!

"No, he won't." He said, as he pulled another chair and sat down in

front of her. "You know, back when you stole my money, I saw you. Stuck in the vent. Worried sick. It amused me how pathetic you looked. It was so easy tracking you down. I just wanted to see how far you'd get. And I have to say, I'm impressed. Most thieves are stupid, and careless. But you, Ms. Hardy, you succeeded." He was now only a mere inches away from her face.

"Go ahead, kill me, I won't beg for my life."

"I'm not going to kill you, Ms. Hardy. Like I've stated, you are my bait. But you did steal from me. I can't let that go unpunished."

"Go ahead. It'll just make this more fun for me when I break out of this, and when you're the one in chains."

The Kingpin laughed, "Oh, I truly adore your cockiness, but it's time to end this. Mr. Kasady, do whatever you'd like to her, just remember NOT to kill her, that way we can get you your revenge on Spiderman."

"Wait, what!? What are you-" She was at a loss for words.

At that moment, a red-head man in an orange, prison jumpsuit walked out of the shadows.

"Oh, this is going to be fun, Cat." The man said.

This time, Felicia had no way out. She would just have to endure the pain, and wait for Spiderman.

6. Chapter 6: Pain & Fear

Felicia knew who the man was from newspapers. He was a famous killer who caused carnage. He enjoyed killing, and torture, but one day Spiderman caught him. And he's been on a blood-thirsty quest for revenge ever since. Although she had never met the man, she knew that he would want to torture her all the same. All because they thought she and Spiderman were partners.

"This is going to be fun, cat!" He said, in a sadistic tone, pulling out a knife.

"Please, you don't have a chance against him. He'll take you down without even breaking a sweat." She replied, in a bored sounding tone.

"We'll see about that. Right now it's just you...me...and this knife!"

"AH!" She grunted in pain as the man stabbed her knee.

"That was a request from the Kingpin!" He laughed hysterically. "Now here's my request!"

"Ergh! Ah! Ugh!" She grunted in pain as the man stabbed her shoulder, then her side, then her leg.

He then changed his torture to cutting instead of stabbing. He cut

her thigh, her cheek, and then her arm.

"I'm impressed, most of my victims give in after I start cutting, but you are still unbroken. Clearly, physical pain doesn't faze you." He leaned in very close to her own face, leaving only inches of room apart from each other. "Let's try something else." He said with a huge and evil grin on his face.

Felicia, still chained in the chair, was terrified of him, although she tried to appear brave. Although that could change after he does whatever he's planning.

The man put his hand to her chin, holding it up. "Cheer up, cat, at least I'll enjoy this. Don't ruin this moment for others." He laughed.

He then grabbed the zipper on her jacket. And slowly, started unzipping it until it reached the end. Felicia now knew what he was doing. She couldn't help but feel humiliated and to feel a loss of power, a loss of humanity.

He then grabbed the two sides of her jacket, where the zipper used to be in the middle, and pulled both of them in the opposite direction, revealing her breasts. He then grabbed his knife, and the slowly cut across her right breast.

"AHHH!" She screamed, not totally because it hurt, but she needed to let out a scream because of what she knew was going to happen to her. She needed to mask her fear in the pain.

He laughed again, "I guess I just found your sensitive spot, then. It's ok cat, everyone has one." He said, stroking the side of her cheek, leaving her disgusted.

"Let's have a little fun!" He joyfully boomed. He then grabbed her cut-free breast, and started stroking it. Then, he grabbed the other one, and started playing with her nipple. All while Felicia did nothing but grunt in disgust from time to time. All she could do was wait for Spiderman. Where the hell was he?

As he continued to stroke her breast, he decided that she wasn't in enough pain. She needed more. He then squeezed both breasts as tightly as he could, and starting pulling incredibly hard. Felicia let out another cry of pain.

He continued rough-housing her breasts for another 3 minutes. Until he was ready for the next phase of his torture.

"I think your tits have had enough fun. Let's move on, now!"

She wanted this to be over, to just go away, but she knew she had to fight it. She was just as tough as ever. And she wouldn't be broken by this man. But the man knew how to get to her. Could she resist being broken?

"It's bedtime, now, sweetie." He said in a calm, yet creepy voice. He then picked up a syringe and injected her with it.

"Wha-are-yo..." She was losing her words. She then started feeling tired. Switching between consciousness, her last thought was of

Spiderman, as she finally fell asleep.

7. Chapter 7: Humiliated

_Author's Notes:** Thank you guys for the reviews and feedback. After this chapter I'll make them longer and I will address characters in a better fashion. I also cannot reply to the reviews that are on a guest account. Right now, I hope you enjoy the story as it is. Just know that this is the darkest and the most messed-up chapter yet. Definitely ****__**do not**__**** read if you dislike these kinds of things. Thanks for reading. Also, another thing to add, is that the man torturing Felicia is, in fact, Cletus Kasady, who is Carnage, in case you didn't pick that up. This story takes place before he becomes Carnage, so he's just a psychopath as of now. That's all, enjoy.****_**

"Wakey wakey, cat!"

Felicia woke up almost immediately and checked her surroundings. She was in another dark room, with a light shining at her. Her arms and feet were tied with chains to a metal table, her legs spread apart, and breasts still exposed. It seemed like an operating table. Felicia's torturer was still there. He was admiring something on a cart, but she couldn't quite tell what it was.

"You're making a mistake!" She yelled at him. But he didn't seem to care.

"The only mistake I'm making is not doing this sooner!" he laughed, "Just know that I'm only doing this because of Spiderman, this is his fault. You can blame him for what I'm about to do to you."

"He's not the one who's tied me up!"

"You wouldn't be here if it weren't for him, though. Enough stalling, it's time to begin, my dear."

Felicia thought she was going to be sick after hearing him call her "his dear."

He walked to the end of the table by her feet. Her costume was only halfway on. The top half was still off. He grabbed her costume and slowly pulled it down to her feet. She was now only in her white underwear.

"I'm surprised your little panties don't have a picture of Spiderman on them!" He joked as he laughed. Felicia blushed in embarrassment and continued to lie there in silence. She wouldn't beg for him. He grabbed a strap of her underwear and cut it off with his knife, then ripped the other strap off with his bare hands. He could now see her pussy.

"Ha! Holy shit, cat! I'm going to call you pussy cat from now on!" He laughed again. He took great pleasure in humiliating her. He then had another incredibly evil idea.

The man continued to the next phase of Felicia's torture. "Let's see how wet you can get, pussy cat!" He grinned devilishly as he put his middle finger and index finger together, and shoved it with great

force into her pussy.

"Ugh!" Felicia unintentionally moaned. He had found her sensitive spot.

As she moaned uncontrollably, the man laughed continuously. She couldn't stop it: She was having an orgasm.

"Ah, see? There it is. You ARE getting wet. How does it feel, pussy cat?"

"AHH!" She moaned louder and louder, until he finally slowed down his fingering, coming to a complete stop. He pulled his fingers out, sticky from her body fluids. He then walked back to the cart, and grabbed a camera.

"Smile for the camera, my little pussy cat." He smiled. She didn't. She was beyond angry.

Although he did succeed on humiliating her and making her climax, she still remained unbroken. His intentions were to make her beg, to make her submit to him. But he didn't even get her to shed a tear. She was tougher than anyone he had ever tortured. He admired that about her.

He took 5 pictures, one of her exhausted and furious face, one picture of her breasts, which had hand marks on them due to his rough-housing with them, one of her legs spread apart revealing her wet cunt, another was a close-up of her pussy, and the last one was a shot of her whole body, legs and arms spread apart, cut marks all over her body, and her black costume and panties lying at her feet.

"Imagine if I sold these, I'd make millions!" The man was now leaning against the table she was lying on, "I may be a psychopath, cat, but I'm no rapist. Like I said, this is Spiderman's fault. I'm done here." He walked towards the exit of the room. "Oh, and about the photos, don't worry. Only Spiderman will see them. Cheer up, it's probably not the first time he's seen you naked and pissed!" He added as his maniacal laughter slowly started to die down as the door slowly closed behind him.

Now she was all alone, on the cold table, naked and angry, at the Kingpin, at Cletus Kasady, and at Spiderman. He didn't save her. He probably didn't even know she was ever in any danger. And now he would be sent these humiliatingly painful photos of her. She had to stop them. She didn't need Spiderman's help. She'd take down both Kasady and Fisk. But first, she'd have to find a way out of this trap. Then she'd get her revenge.

8. Chapter 8: Risk and Reward

**-Early Saturday Morning, Aunt May's House-**-

"What a day. Well, two days. I'm so glad it's over now."

Peter Parker was lying in his bed, covered in scars and bruises, after an exhausting day. He had just stopped some of his most notorious villains from escaping prison. Reckon, some villains had

escaped, like Norman Osborn and Eddie Brock, or better known as the "Green Goblin" and "Venom." But still, he had to give himself some credit for at least stopping most of them. Of course, Aunt May would wonder why he had a bunch of scars and bruises once she noticed them, but luckily he could make up a story that fit with his original lie about going on a field trip to excuse his absence for 2 days.

Everything seemed like a normal, fine night, as Peter drifted off in a deep sleep. Only to be awakened 5 minutes later by a text from Mary Jane Watson, his current girlfriend.

"Peter, are you watching the news right now?" The message read.

He texted back, "No, I've been gone for two days. Just got home. What's on the news?" He quietly walked down stairs and turned on the television. Everything seemed normal.

"Go to channel 521. It's important." She was starting to worry him now.

He changed to the channel. Wilson Fisk was standing on a stage, and looked like he was reciting a speech. Now Peter knew why Mary Jane said it was important. Whatever Fisk was doing, it wasn't good. He turned up the volume.

"He's been a menace for too long! Some say he's a hero, but he's terrorized us citizens ever since he put on that ridiculous costume and mask! It's time to put an end to this, once and for all, Spiderman! Meet me at my tower tonight, Spiderman! Let's discuss your incriminating acts like men! And I promise, we will let the public know the truth! Thank you all very much." Fisk was calling him out. It was a trap, not an interview, and Peter knew it. But if Kingpin wanted a fight, he'd get one.

"What are you going to do, Pete?" MJ Asked him.

"I'm going to stop Fisk, once and for all." He wasn't scared. Fisk had nothing on him. Nothing that could stop Peter from putting him behind bars. Tonight would be the night when Wilson Fisk would be defeated.

Meanwhile...

Felicia was still lying nude on the cold, metal table, in chains. Her arms and legs strapped down, and she could barely move. Although she had confidence, that's all she had. She tried to slip out of the chains, but they were too tight. There was no escaping this by herself.

"Think, Felicia, think!" She told herself. But deep down she knew there was no way to free herself. But with Spiderman nowhere around, she had to rely on someone else. But then she remembered something: when Cletus had walked out of the room, there were two guards waiting outside.

She had an idea. She hated herself for even thinking of it, but it was the only way. She knew if she screamed, or yelled, the guards would just ignore her. But if she did something else...it could work.

"It's the only way, Felicia. You know it. If you don't do this, you might as well rot in here." She convinced herself. Regretting it, she decided to do it. "This better work!" She thought to herself.

"Ohhhhh yeah! Ohhhh yes! YES! Oh-ho!" She moaned out. It wasn't working. She continued louder, "OHHHH! OH, OH, OHHHH!" She cried out. She gave it all she could. She was moaning as loud as she could, as though she had been masturbating. Finally, she heard the door open. Music to her ears. She turned her head and saw the two guards standing behind her.

"Ho-ly shit." "Hell yes!" "Hey baby!" They commented, gazing at her naked body.

"Hey, boys! I'm so lonely, down here, why don't you give me some company? I won't tell..." She said seductively. Deep down she really hated doing this, and didn't enjoy a minute of it, but it was the only way.

"Damn, girl."

"Hey, what if we get caught?"

"I don't care, do you SEE this chick?"

They whispered on and off. "I'm doing it, I don't give a shit about Fisk or you. You can join me, or go back to guard duty. Your choice, bro." The first guard argued.

After another 20 seconds of debating, the second guard gave in too, and fell for Felicia's seductive talk. "You promise you won't tell? I mean it, if you say a word to Fisk or anyone besides us, I'll kill you, bitch, you got that?" The first guard said to her. Felicia, although wanting to spit in his face, agreed.

The guards continued to stare at her nude and wet body, and debated where they should start. They seemed to be overwhelmed with Felicia's beauty. "How about getting me out of these chains, and then we can get dirty?" She continued to seduce them.

"Yeah, ok!" The guards agreed. They then walked over to her feet and began loosening the chains. Felicia could feel the chains getting looser, and looser, until the chains on her feet were completely off. "Good, boys, now how about my hands? They're just dying to meet you..." This was true. But not in the sexual ways they thought. She was dreaming about her hands around the guards neck, strangling them. But they didn't need to know that.

"Alright!" The second guard said as he walked over to where Felicia's hands lay. He grabbed the chains and was about to loosen them off...

"Wait! Stop!" The first guard looked back at Felicia, "Before we untie your hands, I want a foot job!" He commanded. Felicia felt like she had just been slapped in the face.

"We can do that after you untie my hands, honey..." She fake smiled.

"You don't need your hands for that, girl!" The guard continued,

"But my hands are getting tired...and I-" She was cut off,

"Look, I'll untie you afterwards, come on, girl. Don't make me regret being in here!" Felicia knew that if she didn't she would lose her only chance of getting out of there.

"Fine." She said, regretting it once more. She couldn't wait to beat these guys to a pulp.

"That's more like it!" The guard said as he and the other guard unbuckled their belts. They then pulled down their pants, showing off their cocks like they were prized possessions. The first guard placed himself on the end of the table in front of Felicia's feet, and the other guard stood next to her breasts.

"Alright, go ahead, sweetie." He told Felicia. She didn't know what was worst, hearing Kasady call her "Dear" or this guard calling her "Sweetie." Nonetheless, she began. She positioned both of her feet on both sides of his dick, and slowly started rubbing her feet up and down against it.

"Hell yeah, girl just like that! Have you done this before!?" She ignored this comment as she tried to keep her cool. These guards thought of her as some whore. But she was far from it. If she had another way out, she would've taken it.

The other guard decided to start playing with her nipples, which led to him eventually sucking on them. Felicia tried to hide the disgust on her face as she continued stroking the first guard's cock with her feet. 5 minutes passed, and they kept wanting her to continue. Finally, the first guard's semen leaked out and onto her toes and feet. Again, she kept hiding her disgust. After 8 minutes had gone by, they finally decided they had enough of her feet and breasts and wanted more.

"Alright, boys, you've had your fun, now it's time to loosen these chains for a little more action!" She desperately tried.

"Ok, a deals a deal, free her hands, then lets fuck!" The first guard told the second.

They loosened them both, freeing her completely. She stood up and began stretching her numb legs. "Hey, are we doing this, or what?" The guard said to Felicia.

"I don't think so, my turn." In an instant she swept her leg across the floor where the guard was standing, causing him to fall flat on his face. The other guard, shocked by what had just happened stood there, frozen in place as Felicia jumped up and over the table, kicking him in the face. The other guard got back up and charged at Felicia, but she slid under his legs and punched his exposed crotch, causing him to fall down again. Felicia took this chance, grabbed his head, and slammed it back on the ground, making him unconscious. The other guard regained his footing, and ran to the cart containing the torture tools. He grabbed a knife, and put it in front of him.

"Back off, you bitch! I'll stab you!" He threatened. Felicia wasn't at all intimidated. He then jumped at her swinging the knife, but it was too late, Felicia had already dodged out of the way. To finish him off, she pushed the cart at him, causing him to be pinned against the wall.

"Please, don't hit me!" He pleaded.

"Now why would I ever do that?" She giggled, as she punched him as hard as she could, knocking him unconscious with one hit, and causing a tooth to fly out. Felicia couldn't help but feel satisfied with that beat down. She finally broke their legs while they were unconscious, (for good measure) and then shoved them in a closet in the room. She was free. She then slipped back into her costume, (though she was without underwear due to Kasady's torture) and she stretched her muscles a little bit more, preparing herself for what she was about to do next.

Felicia stood by the door, looked back at the mess she had made, and then opened the door. It was time for payback.

9. Chapter 9: Revenge

**-Nighttime, Near Fisk Tower**-

Peter peered through the window to Kingpin's office. Sitting peacefully on a chair was Wilson Fisk, turned around from the direction Peter was standing. Peter was on top of a skyscraper that was only a building away from Fisk tower. This would be the night when Spiderman took down the Kingpin, once and for all.

"Well, this is it." Parker told himself. He webbed his camera onto a satellite dish which was on top of the building he was on. He also readied the wire he had under his suit. He was going to record the whole thing, that way Fisk couldn't make false accusations against Peter, and Peter would have the evidence to back up his own counter claims.

Still, Peter couldn't risk dying without saying his goodbyes to his allies, just in case the Kingpin did manage to kill Peter. Peter grabbed his phone and dialed Mary Jane's number. His current girlfriend.

"Well, MJ, this is it. Wish me luck." He didn't sound worried, though he wasn't as cocky as usual.

"I believe in you, Peter, if anything happens that you can't handle, get out of there. I don't want..."

"Don't worry, MJ, I'll be fine. Love you."

"Love you too, Peter. Stay safe!" Peter hung up. Just before he was about to go, he remembered someone else. He dialed another number...

"Come on, Felicia, pick up! Ugh. Figures, she's probably robbing a bank." Peter finally gave up and then continued.

Peter swung through the air, and landed on the wall of Fisk's

building. He crawled up to Fisk's office floor. The window was open, Fisk was waiting for him, as expected. Peter jumped through the window and stood at the end of the room, opposite of where Fisk sat. The room was fairly dark, however the lights above kept the room mostly lit. Fisk was easily visible, as well as Spidey. This "meeting" Fisk had set up was clearly a trap. Peter knew it. That's why he had his camera pointed at the room and so he had video proof.

Peter decided he would talk first, and crack a joke before Fisk could start.

"Well, look who it is! Burger King's biggest sponsor around! I mean that both literally and figuratively, by the way!"

Fisk appeared unamused.

"That was a joke about your weight, just in case you didn't get it."

Fisk decided to speak. "Once you are done making immature comments about my appearance, I will begin."

This only encouraged Peter more, "Oh come on, you big balloon! This wouldn't be ****nearly**** as much fun if I couldn't make a joke about your weight!"

"This isn't supposed to be for your entertainment, young man. I called you here so I could inform you about the recent events. Also, to inform you about my arrangement. You see, I have a deal."

"Ha, yeah, with 80% of New York's fast food places, trust me, I can see!"

Fisk slammed his hand against the table. "Young man, if you proceed to insult me I will have my guards arrest you at once! And you'll never know about Ms. Hardy's little...predicament."

Peter was now focused. "What did you do to her!?" Peter questioned.

"Ah, that's more like it. You've finally started talking like an adult. I'm sure this is a new experience for you."

"Where. Is. She!?" The tables had turned. Now Peter was the serious one.

Fisk gently pulled out a picture from his bright white coat, and showed it to Peter. The photo was one of Felicia, her face was angry, and exhausted. However, nothing below the neck was visible. Peter thought she looked as if she were stabbed.

"What have you done, Fisk?"

"I've simply punished her for trying to steal from me. It was her choice. Now I assume you would like for her to be released?" Fisk asked.

"You assume? Release her, or I'll make you."

"Is that a threat, young man? A threat from a child, how amusing. You forget that I am in control, here."

Peter had heard enough, he jumped on top of Fisk's desk, and put his own face close to Fisk's. Both made eye contact through Peter's mask.

"If you don-" Peter was cut off. His Spider sense was going off! Although he was warned, he didn't move quick enough. Behind him, a rope with a spear head pierced his shoulder, then was pulled back, dragging Peter along with it. Before he could get up off the floor, a boot landed on top of Peter's chest.

A man with red hair stood upon him, Cletus Kasady. "Hey, Spidey. Remember me?" He smiled.

Peter knew exactly who he was, "The carnage killer!"

"That's right. Are you ready to die?"

"No, not really to be honest. Can we move it to next Sunday, actually? I have a dentist appointment later today, and I'm not sure if dying is a good enough excuse. My dentist is pretty strict! "

Peter still remained calm.

"No more stalling, I'm killing you now!" Kasady grabbed a knife from his pocket, and slowly cut Peter's chest. The cut wasn't deep, just enough to cut his costume and have him bleed. Still, Peter was in pain.

Fisk watched, "Mr. Kasady, although Spiderman deserves the pain, I have a meeting in a few hours, and I'd rather have this done quick. Also, you're getting blood on my carpet. Finish up here, and then we're even."

"Got it, boss." Kasady smiled as he turned the knife over, and cut Peter's web shooters before he could use them.

Peter knew this was it. With the pain in his shoulder and chest, this was it. Even with his super strength, Kasady could just drop the knife on Peter. Kasady lined up the knife, and the swung down towards Peter's heart.

Until suddenly, he stopped. A rope wrapped around Kasady's arm, and dragged him down to the ground. Standing a few steps away from where Kasady had stood, Felicia Hardy was standing in her classic leather costume, more furious than Peter had ever seen, and she put her foot on top of Kasady's throat.

Peter leaped back up on his feet. Felicia and Peter stood looking at each other, as Felicia still lied her foot against Kasady's surprised body, with Wilson Fisk still sitting on his chair, stunned by Felicia's escape.

The room went quiet. Peter decided to speak first.

**Hey everyone, thanks for reading this chapter! Sorry for not uploading this chapter sooner, been playing a lot of Sunset Overdrive recently, the game is addicting! Anyways, I hope you're still enjoying it nonetheless, the story just hit over 1,000 views! Thank

you so much! However, here comes the "sad" news. This is the penultimate chapter, meaning the next chapter will be the end of the story. This was never meant to be a long story, just a short and sweet one, like a cupcake... I guess. However, that doesn't mean I'm not going to make more stories. I will still make stories about Female Heroes, anti-heroes, villains, etc. Although after this story I want to take a break from Felicia's story. I want to explore other characters as well, but you never know, Felicia may be in other stories of mine as well ;) Anyways, thank you again for reading. Sorry this chapter was REALLY short, I just really wanted to end it here and last chapter was already long. The finale will be long, though I promise! Please review, and thanks for reading! (Again) :)**

End
file.